LETTERS
AND
POEMS, AMOROUS
AND
GALLANT.

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PREFACE.

IT has been so usual among modern Authors to write Prefaces, that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him some Account before hand, of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my Case, than others is, That a great part of this Collection consists of familiar Letters, which sort of Writings some Learned Persons among us have thought unfit to be publish'd. It must be confess'd, indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often consist in little Passages of private Conversation, and references to particular Matters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: But to draw a general Conclusion from thence, That familiar Letters can please none, but those very Persons, is to conclude against the common Experience of all the World; since besides the great applauses have been given the Letters of Cicero

and Pliny *among the* Romans; *we ſee no Book has been better received among the* Spaniards, *than the Letters of* Guevara; *or among the* French, *than thoſe of* Voiture *and* Balſac: *Not to mention the* Italians, *among whom there has been hardly any conſiderable Man, who has not publiſh'd Letters with good Succeſs. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception theſe things have met, is, that there is no ſort of Writing ſo neceſſary for People to underſtand as this. A Man may have a great deal of Wit, without being able to write Verſes or make Harangues; and may live in very good repute, without having occaſion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World, without being able to write Letters. There is no ſtate of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requiſite; and there are few Days paſs, in which a Man has not occaſion to make uſe of it.*

The Stile of Letters ought to be free, eaſy and natural; as near approaching to familiar Converſation as poſſible. The two beſt Qualities in Converſation, are good Humour and good Breeding; thoſe Letters are therefore certainly

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the beſt that ſhew the moſt of thoſe two Qualities. There are ſome Men ſo ſurly, ſo ill-natur'd, and ſo ill-bred, that tho' we can hardly deny 'em to have Wit; yet we can ſay, at leaſt, that we are ſorry they have it. And indeed, as their Wit is troubleſome to other People, ſo I can hardly imagine of what great uſe it can be to themſelves. For if the end of Wit, be not to render one ſelf agreeable, I ſhall ſcarce envy 'em any other uſe they can make of it.

The ſecond Part of this Collection conſiſts of Amorous Verſes. Thoſe who are converſant with the Writings of the Antients, will obſerve a great difference between what they, and the Moderns have publiſh'd upon this Subject. The occaſions upon which the Poems of the former are written, are ſuch as happen to every Man almoſt that is in Love; and the Thoughts ſuch, as are natural for every Man in love to think. The Moderns on the other hand have ſought out for Occaſions, that none meet with, but themſelves; and fill their Verſes with thoughts that are ſurprizing and glittering, but not tender, paſſionate, or natural to a Man in Love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that People propose in writing Love-Verses: And that I take not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forc'd Conceits, far-fetch'd Similes, and shining Points; but by a true and lively Representation of the Pains and Thoughts attending such a Passion.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est: (lædent.
Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia

I would assoon believe a Widow in great grief for her Husband, because I saw her dance a Corant *about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Mistress for his writing such Verses, as some great Modern Wits have done upon theirs.*

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, *and* Ovid, *were in love with their Mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them;*

them; but I confeſs I cannot believe Petrarch *in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover, in Tranſports of Jealouſie, to treat his Miſtreſs with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man, who is much in Love, to amuſe himſelf with ſuch Trifles as the other. I am pleas'd with* Tibullus, *when he ſays, he could live in a Deſart with his Miſtreſs, where never any Humane Fooſt-ſteps appear'd, becauſe, I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays; but I confeſs I can hardly forbear laughing when* Petrarch *tells us, he could live without any other ſuſtenance than his Miſtreſſes Looks. I can very eaſily believe a Man may love a Woman ſo well, as to deſire no Company but hers; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman ſo well, as to have no need of Meat and Drink, if he may look upon her. The firſt is a Thought ſo natural for a Lover, that there is no Man really in Love, but thinks the ſame thing; the other is not the thought of a Man in Love, but of a Man who would impoſe upon us with a pretended Love (and that indeed*

very grosly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this Point; and any Man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the Ancients and Moderns have said upon the same Occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the Moderns who have written Love-Verses: And it is, indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this false sort of Wit in the World: for People seeing the great Credit he had, and has, indeed, to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe; have satisfied themselves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no Modern Writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in Love-Verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest Ladies should inspire the best Poets. Never was there a more copious Fancy or greater reach of Wit, than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or gentile than the

Poems of Mr. Waller; *nothing more gay or ſprightly than thoſe of Sir* John Suckling; *and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than Mr.* Cowley's. *However, it may be obſerv'd, that among all theſe, that Softneſs, Tenderneſs, and Violence of Paſſion, which the Ancients thought moſt proper for Love-Verſes, is wanting: and at the ſame time that we muſt allow Dr.* Donne *to have been a very great Wit; Mr.* Waller *a very gallant Writer; Sir* John Suckling *a very gay one, and Mr.* Cowley *a great Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great Lover. And it grieves me that the Ancients, who could never have handſomer Women than we have, ſhould nevertheleſs be ſo much more in Love than we are. But it is probable the great Reaſon of this may be the Cruelty of our Ladies; for a Man muſt be imprudent indeed to let his Paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair, that they would be pleas'd ſometimes to abate a little of their Rigor, for the propagation of good Verſe. I do not*

mean,

mean, that they ſhould confer their Favours upon none but Men of Wit: that would be too great a Confinement indeed: but that they would admit them upon the ſame foot with other People; and if they pleaſe now and then to make the Experiment, I fancy they will find Entertainment enough from the very Variety of it.

There are three ſorts of Poems that are proper for Love: Paſtorals, Elegies, *and* Lyrick *Verſes; under which laſt I comprehend all* Songs, Odes, Sonnets, Madrigals *and* Stanza's. *Of all theſe,* Paſtoral *is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for Love; ſince it is the Nature of that Paſſion to render the Soul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Deſigns, and in every Thought of them. Though we have no Difference between the Verſes of* Paſtoral *and* Elegy *in the Modern Languages; yet the Numbers of the firſt ought to be looſer and not ſo ſonorous as the other; the Thoughts more ſimple, more eaſy and more humble. The Deſign ought to be the repreſenting the*

Life

Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields, but by ſhowing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that ſort of Life. For though I know our Maſters, Theocritus *and* Virgil, *have not always conform'd in this Point of Innocence;* Theocritus, *in his* Daphnis, *having made his Love too wanton, and* Virgil, *in his* Alexis, *plac'd his Paſſion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allow'd to cenſure thoſe whom we muſt always reverence) I take both thoſe things to be Faults in their Poems, and ſhould have been better pleas'd with the* Alexis, *if it had been made to a Woman; and with the* Daphnis, *if he had made his Shepherds more modeſt. When I give Humility and Modeſty as the Character of* Paſtoral, *it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allow'd to boaſt of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to ſhew a Contempt of his Rival, as we ſee both* Theocritus *and* Virgil *do. But this muſt be ſtill in ſuch a manner, as if the Occaſion offer'd it ſelf, and was not ſought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Paſſion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.*

There

PREFACE.

There ought to be the ſame difference obſerv'd between Paſtorals *and* Elegies, *as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the firſt, Love ought to be repreſented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender and paſſionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in* Paſtoral. *The Paſſions they repreſent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The ſubjects of them, Prayers, Praiſes, Expoſtulations, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealouſies, and, in fine, all the natural Effects of Love.*

Lyricks *may be allow'd to handle all the ſame ſubjects with Elegy; but to do it however in a different manner. An Elegy ought to be ſo entirely one thing, and every Verſe ought ſo to depend upon the other, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt alone: Or, to make uſe of the words of a* * *great Modern Critick, there muſt be*

* My Lord *Mulgrave.*

——— a juſt Coherence made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid;
So right, that every ſtep may higher riſe,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies.

Lyricks

Lyricks on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one Body as well as the other, yet may conſiſt of Parts that are entire of themſelves. It being a Rule in Modern Languages, that every Stanza ought to make up a compleat ſence, without running into the other. Frequent Sentences which are accounted Faults in Elegies, are Beauties here. Beſides this, Malherb, and the French Poets after him, have made it a Rule in the Stanzas of ſix Lines, to make a pauſe at the third; and in thoſe of ten Lines, at the third and the ſeventh. And it muſt be confeſt that this exactneſs renders them much more Muſical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been ſo Religious in obſerving the latter Rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh Deſign: Thoſe who are Criticks, it wou'd be a preſumption in me to pretend I cou'd inſtruct; and to inſtruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write my ſelf, is (if I may be allow'd to apply another Man's Simile) like ſelling Arms to an Enemy in time of War. Tho' there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence ſhewn to things of Love and Gallantry, than any others;

others; becauſe they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young People, eſpecially of the fair Sex, are more taken with the livelineſs of Fancy, than the correctneſs of Judgment. It may be alſo obſerv'd, that to write of Love well, a Man muſt be really in Love; and to correct his Writings well, he muſt be out of Love again. I am well enough ſatisfi'd, I may be in Circumſtances of writing of Love; but I am almoſt in deſpair of ever being in Circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a Reaſon for the Fair and the Young, to paſs over ſome of the Faults; and as for the Grave and Wiſe, all the Favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they wou'd not read 'em. Things of this Nature, are calculated only for the former. If Love-Verſes work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himſelf with what the Criticks ſay of them; and if they do not, all the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, That I pretend not to vye with any Man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living, who are able to

write

write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one: But I will take the boldneſs to ſay, That there is no one Man among them all, who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his own Faults, or to do Juſtice to the Merits of other People.

LET-

LETTERS
Gallant & Amorous.

Letter I.

To two Maſques.

THough I cannot boaſt much of Particularity to the Perſon I love, yet as to the Love it ſelf, I may ſafely ſay, It is one of the moſt particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in love with a Lady after having ſeen her. I am in love with two, without having ever ſeen either: Not that I would willingly admit two Tyrants into my Heart; but

though one of you may perhaps be Monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the matter muſt reſt in doubt 'till another opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the three Goddeſſes Beauties, when he ſaw 'em naked, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I ſhou'd pretend to make a Judgment between two Ladies in Maſques. Conſider a little under what difficulties you make me labour: If I ſhou'd commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep red; the ſmoothneſs and delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawney; the fineneſs of your Shapes, while you were ſtuck up within Iron Bodice; the brightneſs of your Eyes, and they ſhou'd prove blear'd and ſquinting. Do but imagine when I had done this, what ſort of an Effect it wou'd have upon you. Whatever Inconveniences of this nature happen,

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it is your own Faults; for my part I leave this encountring with Helmets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* and his Knights Errant; the way of Duelling is alter'd, People do not only encounter barefac'd, but ſtrip when they go to it. As for this way, I can aſſure you, I find it not in the leaſt fair; and had rather be in love with the moſt hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain ſtate, and neither know what I love, why I love, nor whether I love, or no. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in diſtreſs; clear the Buſineſs to me, and let me know if I am in good earneſt, when I profeſs my ſelf

You moſt paſſionate Admirer.

LETTER II.

To one of the former.

IT is by Faith alone that I fanſie you the moſt charming, but I find by Experience you are one of the moſt unreaſonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldeſt Action in the World, to declare a Paſſion to two Maſques; but you, Madam, ſet up a Title of your own, and are not ſatisfied without Particularity, and Conſtancy. Your Charms I confeſs, Madam, as far as I ſaw of them, are very great: The Maſque was very good *Genoa* Velvet; the Gloves very good *Blois* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for ought I know, lin'd with very good green Pluſh. Now, Madam, though ſo far I do ſtedfaſtly believe, yet to fall conſtantly

ly and particularly in love with Maſques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French* Romances; and being naturally diffident of my ſelf, I ſhou'd be loth to begin a new ſort of Gallantry, without knowing how it wou'd take. Conſider, Madam, a little better upon the reaſonableneſs of your Requeſt; for Particularity and Conſtancy are very hardly to be anſwer'd for, at our Years. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your power to blow my Love up to that heighth whenever you pleaſe; and to confeſs a truth to you, I have a very great Stock of Particularity and Conſtancy lying upon my Hands at this time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the reaſon in the World to imagine it is kept for you; but however, Madam, it wou'd be neceſſary to have one view of you, before I can be poſitive in that point. I am ſatisfied in

my Conſcience that I have done all my Duty in the thing; let it lie at your Door if the Humour break off; for my part I cannot imagine how you will be able to anſwer it to all the World, if you ſhou'd, for want of diſcovering your ſelf, loſe the moſt conſtant and moſt faithful Lover under the Sun.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Conſtancy and Fidelity are, without doubt, great Vertues, though not always great Charms in a Miſtreſs; but as to your Inviſibility, it is a Quality that does not pleaſe me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty aëreal ſort of Beauty, and may do very well for ſpiritual Lovers; but for me, Madam, who am a little embaraſs'd with

with matter, and who generally carry a Body of six foot long about with me, it wou'd be convenient to have some more corporeal Accomplishments. Descend, Madam, in this case, to your Lover's Capacity, and make use of his Senses to represent you as charming as without doubt you are, to his Imagination. For though I must confess Fancy has been very kind to you in this point, yet it wou'd be convenient to call in the Help of the Eyes to strengthen the Evidence: I expect therefore from your next Letter, an appointment where I may meet you in a visible manner. These are the only Terms upon which I can treat any farther with you; for tho' you write the most agreeably in the World, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in love for a whole Week together, it is very reasonable that a Man shou'd know at last with whom it is.

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

YEs really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are ſuch vulgar ways of Dying, that for my part I wou'd rather live a thouſand Years, than make uſe of either. Then, Madam, they are the moſt inconvenient Methods in the World; Drowning will ſpoil your Clothes, and Hanging your Complexion; beſides ſeveral other things that might be ſaid to diſſuade you from it, but that I know a word to the Wiſe is enough. I am of Opinion you had better deferr all ſort of dying 'till another Opportunity; though if you are poſitive in it, I wou'd rather recommend Mr. *Boyle*'s Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poiſoned in

in Perfumes, as ſomewhat that looks pleaſant enough. But to be leſs ſerious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the moſt reaſonable Lover, of an unreaſonable Lover, in the World. I confeſs were I to form a Beauty to my ſelf, ſhe ſhou'd be..... let me conſider a little upon it; ſhe ſhou'd be..... I ptoteſt, Madam, I know not what ſhe ſhou'd be: monſtrouſly in love with me, that is certain; for the reſt, I ſhou'd truſt the Stars. I think I may ſay, without Flattery, I love my ſelf ſo well, that I can love any body elſe that does ſo too; and ſhou'd preferr that ſingle Beauty, of an immoderate Paſſion for me in a Miſtreſs, to all the other Charms in the World, as *Bayes* does the ſingle beating of Armies in his Hero, to all the Moral Vertues put together. If you can anſwer for this Charm, Madam, take no care

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for any other; he muſt be unreaſonable indeed, who is not ſatisfied with that, in a Lady of Sixteen.

LETTER V.

To the fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* ſays, (St. *Jerome* I muſt confeſs is a very odd beginning of a Billet *doux*) That a Man who can with patience ſuffer himſelf to be call'd Heretick, ought not to be eſteem'd a good Chriſtian: And in common Account you ſee, one who is called Coward, if he does not reſent the Affront, ſhall always be thought ſuch. As my Provocations are much greater than either of theſe, ſo if my Indignation were anſwerable to 'em, you cou'd not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can ſay of Hereticks

ticks and Cowards, they will allow 'em to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you wou'd degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any place among the inferiour Creatures. Had you call'd me Brute, or Beaſt, I had not been ſo zealous in my own Juſtification: Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have no more Underſtanding than Horſes, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of thoſe Noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to ſome or other of the fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all ſort of Communication with 'em. Had the Husbands or Old Women had this Opinion of me, I ſhou'd not have been ſo violent in my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the ſenſe of thoſe that impoſe 'em; I ſhou'd not be angry at a Turk, or

a Jew, for thinking me of their Religion; becauſe whatever I thought it was what made them like me the better; but this wou'd be no Reaſon to make me forgive a Chriſtian for calling me ſo. In like manner, Madam, though I cou'd have pardon'd the Husbands and Old Women for ſaying ſuch a thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call Witneſſes in this caſe, or turn you over to another hand for Satisfaction in that point, which can only properly be reſolv'd by my ſelf; and it were as vain to think to clear my ſelf by Words from an Imputation that ought to be done by Actions; I ſhall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own place and time; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the No Man) that you take me

to

to be. In the mean time I ſhall remain your moſt Humble, (a Curſe on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

Your moſt affectionate and paſſionate Lover and Servant.

Letter VI.

I Have been waiting theſe three Months to tell you a thing that may be ſaid in three Words; it is, I love you. I will grant you, Madam, that this is no neceſſary Reaſon why you ſhou'd love me again; but you muſt grant me in recompence, That it is a very ſufficient Reaſon why I ſhou'd tell you of it. I do not expect you ſhou'd write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a Name: It is from your Eyes alone,

alone, I ſhall attend my Anſwer. But, Madam, that we may not miſtake one another in this point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Paſſion, what you intend for a Diſcouragement of it; I muſt tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I ſhall believe you are in love, and that makes you baſhful: If you look angrily, I ſhall think it is to give me occaſion to come and juſtifie my ſelf; and if you look negligently, I ſhall conclude 'tis management to diſguiſe the Amour from the World: In fine, Madam, I ſhall take nothing for a Refuſal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be miſtaken in the Perſon who ſends this, and imagine it to come from ſome Lord with a blue Garter, or white Staff, that comes from a Commoner without either. I will deſcribe my ſelf ſo, as you may know me well enough

to

to encourage my Paſſion if you like it, but not ſo as to make a Trophie of me, if you do not. My Stature is ſomewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very big, nor very ſmall; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the moſt commodious for a Lover in the World, not ſo much enclin'd to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as ſome others; but for Paſſion and Conſtancy, no Man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a Heart with all theſe Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, ſend it me back by the Penny-Poſt, if you know me by any other Title than that of

Your moſt humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I underſtand very well what I ſay, Will they love you as little? for that is the only difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no queſtion but a Man who is poſſeſs'd of the moſt charming Creature in the Univerſe, will be conſtant to her as long as ſhe pleaſes; but it is a great Queſtion if he will part with her as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes. This is the Rock upon which thoſe Ladies ſplit, who will admit of none but conſtant Lovers; not conſidering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them

and

and conſider, pray, into what pretty Circumſtances a Lady brings herſelf, who is plagu'd with an obſtinate old Lover, when ſhe is paſſionately in love with a new one. I know not what thoſe Crimes are the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge, but I fanſie an importunate Perſeverance in Love of the ſame Woman, is not one of the number: And whenever you pleaſe to make the Experiment, as the leaſt ſign in the World is ſufficient after theſe Preliminaries, to make me a moſt paſſionate Lover; ſo the leaſt ſign you give me afterwards of any new Amour, ſhall make me lay aſide that Title, for the leſs-ambitious one of

Your moſt humble Servant.

LETTER VIII.

To a Lady who had ſpoken againſt him.

THere may have been other Men, perhaps, beſides my ſelf, who have fallen in love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reaſon than her declaring againſt him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reſerv'd for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you are ſo far from liking me your ſelf, that you will not believe any Body elſe can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Perſon, from the Crown of my Head, to the Soal of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries ſomewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abſtract of Vanity: That I am ſo much in love with

with my ſelf, that it is impoſſible for me to be ſo with any Body elſe. Theſe things, Madam, that might have put ſome People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as thoſe who are naturally peeviſh, will be angry at People, let them endeavour never ſo much to pleaſe 'em; ſo we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a Lady, let her take never ſo much pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Paſſions upon Reaſon, you have given me one of the moſt reaſonable Cauſes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himſelf to be a Fool, ſo he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himſelf. It is reported as an Inſtance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they wou'd never marry a Man, 'till they had fought with him firſt; and if he beat 'em very much, he

might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profeſs as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have ſo good a Reaſon for Love, as your having exercis'd your Wit upon me: Tho' it is poſſible you may attribute my Paſſion to another Cauſe, and as you think I love nothing beſide my ſelf, may have ſome kindneſs for you, becauſe you are never like to be my Rival; however, aſſure your ſelf, Madam, it is no ſuch thing, but knowing the worſt you can ſay of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the ſame time) I muſt needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find 'em altogether. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any body can ſay; for as it is only your hating me that makes

me

me love you, as ſoon as that ceaſes, I am afraid my Love will do ſo too. As you therefore value my Kindneſs, take heed of having any for me; and ſatisfie your ſelf, That as long as you continue to think me a ſilly, idle, conceited Fop, I ſhall continue to be, with all the Paſſion imaginable,

Madam,

Your, &c.

Letter IX.

To a Maſqu'd Lady.

THo' I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the moſt conſiderable Conqueſts under the Sun, yet give me leave to ſay, You never made any ſo extraordinary as this before: You have ſubdu'd, with-

out the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making your ſelf known, and have gain'd the moſt abſolute Victory in the World, without as much as unſheathing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman cou'd overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boaſt of the greateſt Paſſion, and greateſt Faith in Nature together: The ſeeing you, which is the reaſon of other People's Love, might, for ought I know, deſtroy mine; for I have rais'd Idea's of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the moſt charming Creature in the Univerſe, and at the ſame time fanſie you to be ſomewhat more than I imagine. I have dreſs'd you up in all the moſt different ſhapes of Natute. In whatever you appear, it has been always the moſt amiable: And after having ſuppoſed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one

one of them. Did I know in which ſtate you were, I wou'd certainly make love to all of it, 'till I arriv'd at you; and for want of that, I am forc'd to confine my ſelf to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conſcience, Madam, whether you can leave the moſt conſtant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no remorſe for the laſt Diſappointment, I ſhall very hardly ever truſt it more: Yet however extravagant my Paſſion is, do not apprehend that I ſhou'd make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Vertues be what they will, my Fidelity is unqueſtionable: And aſſure your ſelf, there is no Man breathing leſs apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To a Friend.

SIR,

FOr Friend I can hardly call you, ſince under that diſguiſe, you have done me one of the greateſt injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories againſt the malicious Deſigns of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they cou'd with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cauſe, nor conclude you guilty 'till I hear what you can ſay in your own Juſtification, I will give you a plain account of the Buſineſs. Meeting one of the Ladies laſt Night, with whom I am in love, ſhe began a diſ-

diſcourſe of Lovers, wherein ſhe ſhew'd the many inconveniencies that attended the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do not naturally love to diſpute with a fair Lady, (eſpecially in a Cauſe where I thought my ſelf no more concern'd than if ſhe had talk'd of Jews or Mahometans) agreed with her in all ſhe ſaid; when ſhe turn'd briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reaſon a Woman muſt have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of ſome late Judges; call a thing Treaſon without Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof: That I appeal'd to all the World for my Innocence in the matter, and defied my greateſt Enemies to bring any Evidence of my guilt. She told me ſhe had it from ſuch a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was your ſelf. Now

tho'

tho' I grant you that ſome People might have ſaid ſuch a thing as this, out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that account. You who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Proteſtant to the Fathers of the Inquiſition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among 'em, cou'd not do it upon a more malicious account. They love a tame, eaſie, governable Fool, and fanſie all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me ſo? and after that to put me upon 'em for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman; nor ſhall I paſs by ſuch a thing as this, without ſatisfaction. I expect therefore you ſhou'd either give it me under your Hand, That you never ſaid any ſuch thing of me; or if you really ſaid it, That you ſhou'd go immediately to the Perſon to whom

you did it; and aſſure 'em you were miſ-inform'd in the thing, and that to your knowledge *Ireland* it ſelf never bred a more tame, eaſie fool than I am: for here lies the greateſt danger; I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to ſucceed in a Conteſt with one of them, when want of Wit to give is the preference. After all, methinks if you wou'd be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of theſe Difficulties: I know you have Wit enough to convince 'em that I have none; and if the worſt come to the worſt, it is but carrying you to 'em, to ſhew the difference. In that hopes, I reſume the Title of

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady in the Country, who was going to be married.

AFter having written you a Letter upon your firſt going down, I have never dar'd to venture one ſince, leſt I ſhou'd be miſtaken in my Addreſs; and for ought I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs....., may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, ſince we are here in perfect ignorance of the matter. We had very poſitive news one while of your being married; and as poſitive after, that it was not yet done; which ſome here took, I can aſſure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have

have provided themſelves either with Love-Songs, or Epithalamiums, to ſend you, as occaſion ſhall require, without being yet able to know which wou'd be moſt proper: And here are half a dozen more, who have had Halters about their Necks, ever ſince the Report of your going to be married; for they are reſolv'd to be ready upon the firſt notice, That the ſame Poſt which brings the news of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the boldneſs to adviſe 'em not to be over-haſty in the Affair, ſince they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could ſay was in vain; they are poſitive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handſomeſt Trees in the Park, are mark'd out for the Execution. I muſt confeſs, I endeavour'd

vour'd to divert 'em as much as I cou'd from chuſing that place, for the Benefit of the Company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all precedent, to make uſe of Elms, or Lime-Trees, ſince the Willow had time out of mind been reſerv'd for that uſe; and that a Lover who did not hang himſelf according to form, had as good never hang himſelf at all. They anſwer'd me very ſurlily, (though very truly too I muſt own) That it was not my Buſineſs: That it was a very hard caſe People might not hang themſelves without asking my leave; and as they wou'd not hinder me whenever I was going about ſuch a thing, ſo they took it very ill that I ſhou'd pretend to hinder them. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I cou'd ſay very little in the caſe; and you may believe I had no great mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their

their Circumſtances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Your, &c.

Letter XII.

To a Lady that ask'd him for his Heart.

THo' to tell a Man that you will diſpoſe of his Heart to one who ſhall uſe it ill, is but a very ſmall Encouragement for him to part with it; yet ſince you ſay you have a particular fancy for mine, I cannot refuſe you ſuch a trifle as that, upon whatever terms you demand it. I have encloſed it therefore in this Letter, and truſted it to the Penny-Poſt, leſt your Generoſity ſhou'd have made you give a Meſſenger more for the bringing it, than the thing it ſelf is really worth.

worth. I wiſh, Madam, it were better for your ſake; and can aſſure you, That were it the moſt modiſh one in the World, it ſhou'd be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-faſhion'd, and too much given to thoſe antiquated Qualities, Conſtancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady for whom you intend it, may deſpiſe thoſe Things, and think a Heart of that ſort as ridiculous as a Lover in a ſhort Cloak, ſlaſh Sleeves, pinck'd Doublet, and trunk Hoſe. But let her not be prejudic'd againſt things for their firſt appearances; I have ſeen a very awkward Beginner, come to Dance very well at laſt; and it is not impoſſible but by good management the Heart may be brought quite off thoſe diſagreeable Qualities. You may pleaſe to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly 'till now, it wou'd be convenient to treat

it

it a little kindlier than ordinary at firſt, leſt it ſhou'd be apt to run away: She ſhou'd encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind Whiſper; and when ſhe ſees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afreſh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever, ſince it was in the preſence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be expoſed to the open Air, for fear of catching cold; ſhe may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-chamber, where it may be of great uſe rightly manag'd, and wake her in a morning with half a dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-Clock. You ſee, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, ſince I truſt you to diſpoſe of a Heart for me, that I have never been able to diſpoſe of my ſelf. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Vertue of Neceſſity, and ſurrendring

up a Fort which I am not able to hold out againſt you. However, Madam, the fierceſt Conquerors are kind to Garriſons that yield upon the firſt Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs; ſo I doubt not but your Vertues are anſwerable to 'em. All the favour I ſhall beg for my Heart, is, That it may be treated as a Priſoner of War, and that I may have the liberty of keeping a Correſpondence with it, during its Confinement. To ſhow you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am ſatisfied you ſhou'd read all the Letters I write; and that none ſhou'd come to me, but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any eſcape; for if I can gueſs at all at his Humour, he will preferr ſuch a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World; and will not be ſo proud of the Titles of Prince, or Conqueror, as that of your *Priſoner & Slave.*

LET-

Letter XIII.

To the ſame.

If ſtreaming Blood my fatal Letter ſtain,
Imagine ere you read, the Writer ſlain:
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.

I Have been theſe ſix Hours in debate, Whether I ſhou'd ſtab my ſelf, or write to you firſt? At laſt, Madam, I have determin'd on the latter: For I conſider that if you ſhou'd hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricket, ſinging ſome doleful Ballad of my Death, you wou'd be at a loſs to know the cauſe of ſo ſad an Accident; and, in an Age ſo inquiſitive as ours, wou'd take it much better to have a relation of the thing

from the firſt hand, than be put to the trouble of ſtopping to enquire of it in the Street, or truſting to the Fidelity of a *Grub-ſtreet* Hiſtorian. The Buſineſs then in ſhort, Madam, is this: Coming home about Twelve a Clock laſt Night, I found a Letter, to tell me, That I ſhou'd meet you in---- at Five a Clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really ſo ſenſible of my guilt of diſappointing you in this manner, that after having arraign'd, judg'd, and condemn'd my ſelf for it, I am juſt now upon the point of Execution. I muſt confeſs, ſome People have advis'd me to the contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I receiv'd the Letter. But I told them, That after having written to you, I ought never to have ſtirr'd from home, but ſtaid in expectation of an anſwer. For tho' it was urg'd in my Defence, That I had ſome great

Buſi-

Buſineſs which call'd me out; and that I had little hopes you ſhou'd have granted me the Honour of meeting you ſo ſoon; yet this Excuſe does not ſatisfie me in the leaſt: For why a Devil ſhou'd a Man pretend to make Love, when he has great Buſineſs, and little Hope? This Conſideration has abſolutely determin'd me for a ſudden Execution; and whatever you may think upon the firſt ſight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may aſſure your ſelf I ſhall be no more

Your, &c.

Poſtſcript.

I have a thing juſt now come into my Head, that may poſſibly make me deferr my Execution, 'till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Taſtes; and there being as many ways of killing Lovers, as there

are of dreſſing Eggs, it wou'd anger me very much if I ſhou'd ſtab my ſelf for your ſake, when you wou'd rather have me hang'd or drown'd.

LETTER XIV.

To the ſame.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Diſappointment in your Letter, otherwiſe, I confeſs, I am very impatient under thoſe Circumſtances. I hope it was not in revenge for my miſſing the other Aſſignation; if it be, reckon we are upon the ſquare now. You will certainly grant, you have all the reaſon in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In recompence, you ſhall diſpoſe of me, in whatever manner

ner you pleaſe; and I am ſure you muſt allow, That if I am not the moſt paſſionate Lover in the World, I am at leaſt the moſt convenient: For whenever you have a mind to give Sir....., or Mr. ..... opportunities of ſaying ſoft things, you ſhall ſee that I manage the other Party to your advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this, you have any occaſion to make 'em jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for ſuch an Employment than my ſelf. You may make uſe of me, Madam, in any of theſe Capacities, (but ſtill make uſe of me) and you will not only oblige your ſelf, but

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame.

CErtainly the Lady who accus'd me of Indifference laſt night, has the leaſt reaſon in the World to do ſo. Is it indifference to be always following her up-and-down? Is it indifference to ſhun all Company for hers? Is it indifference to gaze upon her with all the tenderneſs in Nature? Theſe are but the outward Signs; but, oh! cou'd ſhe look within, and accuſe of Indifference a Heart that burns with the moſt violent Paſſion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the reſt of the World may, with juſtice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Perſon living, who can make me otherwiſe; ſo Prudence obliges me to manage things ſo, as to

diſ-

diſguiſe my Paſſion from all the World beſide. And is there no return due to this, but a Reſolution to deceive me? Well, Madam; it is ſome comfort to me however, That if you can but for one half hour delude me into an Opinion that I am belov'd by you, that ſhort Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction, than all Womankind can grant me beſide.

Letter XVI.

To the ſame.

I See I am deſtin'd to deſtruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever ſee her? Or ſince I did, why did any Body elſe? Had I never, I cou'd never have been happy; and by having ſeen you, I am the moſt miſerable Wretch breathing. Theſe will appear Myſteries, perhaps, to you; and if you

you think me diſtracted when I writ this, you will think right: Love, Rage, Jealouſie, and Deſpair, are tearing my Soul in pieces. If you have any Compaſſion for a Man whom you have rendred the moſt miſerable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to day, though it be but for one half hour. I wou'd not have you come to the Walks after this Rain, for fear you ſhou'd catch cold; and a meeting at Shops or *Indian* Houſes, may make People ſuſpicious. Though I die if I ſee you not, yet I wou'd rather do ſo, than bring your Health or Reputation in any danger. Think, oh think upon ſome way of ſatisfying my Requeſt; and do not apprehend that this Diſtraction which I ſhow you, ſhou'd appear to any body elſe, to your prejudice. I wiſh every one were as careful of you as I am; yet I lye, I do not wiſh it; for to be ſo, they muſt love you

at

at the ſame rate; and I had rather allow 'em all the Favours you can grant, than that. Adieu---- I am---- alas I know not what I am, but that I am miſerable, and that I am

Yours.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame.

I Think I have taken all the ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you ſhall ſee I will yet do more, which is, never to ſee you again. It is true, Mrs..... told me, I might come to you to day; but ſhe told me at the ſame time, That you thought it improper for me to come ſo often. Had you any kindneſs for me, you cou'd not have refus'd

refus'd my Viſits upon ſo cold a Reaſon as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleas'd that I make 'em at all. You ſhall ſee therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, ſince I engage my Word to you (and I am ſure, Madam, neither you, nor any Woman in the World, can ſay I have ever broken my Word with 'em) that I will never make you another Viſit, or come into any place where you are, except you give me very good aſſurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you, than I have reaſon to believe it has been of late.

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame.

THat this parting has not been ſought of my ſide, Heaven can be my Witneſs; and how little ſatisfaction I take in it, every Vein in my Heart can teſtifie. No; I tremble, I am all confuſion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in complaiſance to you, that I have reſolv'd it. I ſee you are picking little Occaſions of quarrelling with me; I ſee you are uneaſie when I am with you, and I ſee you do not make a return that is ſuitable to a Paſſion ſo violent and ſo ſincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what wou'd you have me do? Shou'd I come to put you out of Humour? Or wou'd you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your

your more-favour'd Servants. No, Madam, I had too much tenderneſs for you, to give you any diſturbance; and give me leave to ſay, I have not ſo mean a Spirit as to follow any Woman, when I have reaſon to believe ſhe thinks me troubleſome, how difficult ſoever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I ſhall not fail of waiting upon you once more, before we part for ever.

On the Author of a Dialogue concerning Women, pretended to be writ in defence of the Sex.

NEar Coven-Garden *Theatre, where you know*
Poets their Sence, Players their Shapes do ſhew,
There is a Clubb of Criticks of the Pit,
Who do themſelves admire for Men of Wit;
And lo! an arbitrary Power aſſume
On Plays and Ladies both to paſs their Doom;
Cenſure all things and Perſons, Prieſt and Prince,
And judge them by the Standard of their Sence:
But ſcan theſe Sparks, or by their Words or Mien,
You'll find them Fop without, and Fool within.

One

One of these Brats dress'd up in shape of Satyr,
Comes forth to be the Ladies Vindicator:
And since for Chivalry he claims no Warrant,
Instead of Knight sets up for Poet Errant.
Bless us! said I, what mighty Hero's here?
He thunders so, 'tis dangerous to come near.
The beauteous Sex may set their Hearts at rest;
Of all their Patrons, sure this is the best.
This great dead-doing Champion of the Quill,
Will all the Fry of lewd Lampooners kill;
Then to begin with Dryden's *dreadful Name,*
Shou'd mark out something of no common Fame.
But when the boasted Matter I had read,
I found my Expectation was misled,

And

And that the Poet, though he does pretend
To do them Juſtice, is no Woman's Friend.
Miſogynes *is made to ſhoot with Ball,*
Philogynes *allow'd no charge at all.*
And howſoever he diſguiſe the matter,
To publiſh the Firſt Part, he writ the latter.
He that but ſtrictly marks the whole Deſign,
May trace the Prefacer in every Line;
And tho' he did not own the wanton Ape,
He nurs'd the Cub, and lick'd it into ſhape.
And, Ladies, now without the help of Day,
You may diſcern who does the Weapon ſway.
And brandiſhes his Pen againſt your Credit;
To Mr. Eat-finger *himſelf that did it.*
He that ſits ſilent in his Wits defence,
Whoſe Mouth is fill'd with Fiſt inſtead of Sence;
Or elſe he crams his Hand into his Jaws,
Like Ruſſian *Bears that live upon their Paws.*

At Coffee-Houſe among the Men of Worth,
He goggles like a Quaker holding forth.
Like an Endymion *he can court the Moon,*
And bark at her bright Glories when h'as done;
Or like the Mouſe in Fable he can plead,
He has deſerv'd t'aſpire to Princeſs Bed,
'Till for his daring Arrogance he's ſpurn'd,
And all his ſop-Pretenſions over-turn'd.
Then like the little Vermin ſqueaks and dies,
Or prints a Book of Ladies Cruelties.
This is the Fool, fair Ladies, that does haunt you,
That will from Dreſſing-Room: o Play Gallant you.
W——he is call'd; what Name ſo much renown'd,
Through all the Realms of Nonſence can be found?

Letter XIX.

To a Lady who ſent him the foregoing Verſes into the Countrey.

I Receiv'd a Copy of Verſes from you laſt Poſt, with a Command (for the Requeſts of fair Ladies are always Commands to me) that I ſhou'd anſwer 'em. I wou'd ſerve you, Madam, you may be ſure, in any thing that was in my Power, but this I muſt own is quite beyond it; and after having read them over, I found my ſelf utterly unable to cope with ſo dead-doing an Author: I ſent therefore immediately to the Clerk of the Pariſh (a very honeſt Man, a good Weaver, and no ill Critick I can aſſure you, as Criticks go) to beg the favour of him, that he wou'd come and aſſiſt me in the thing. With his

help, Madam, I read 'em over again: We both agreed, That there were never Words better choſen, Verſe more delicately turn'd, Satyr more fine, or Raptures more poetical. As for example:

Bleſs us! ſaid I, what mighty Hero's here?
He thunders ſo, 'tis dangerous to come near.
The beauteous Sex may ſet their Hearts at reſt;
Of all their Patrons, ſure this is the beſt.

The Clerk indeed made ſome Exceptions to the Lines that follow:

But when the boaſted matter I had read,
I found my Expectation was miſled.

He ſaid he cou'd not imagine that ſo wiſe a Perſon as the Author of thoſe Verſes, cou'd be miſled in any thing.

And,

And, Ladies, now
(An Apoſtrophé to the Ladies:)
without the help of Day,

O God, Madam, by a Ruſh-light as plain as can be,

You may diſcern who does the Weapon ſway.

If it were not too great a trouble to the Author, I wou'd deſire to know of him who it is that does ſway the Weapon; for ſometimes he makes us believe it is the Prefacer, and ſometimes the pretended Author:

And brandiſhes his Pen againſt your Credit,
To Mr. Eat-finger *himſelf that did it.*

This laſt was ſo very good a Conceit, and ſo very new, that I thought the Clerk wou'd have died with laugh-

ing at it. Well, ſaid he, (when he had a little recover'd himſelf) that *Eat-finger* is ſo ingenious, that a Man might have made five or ſix very good Verſes of that one Thought. Set your Heart at reſt, ſaid I, and ſee if this Author has not as much Management as he has Wit.

He that ſits ſilent in his Wit's defence,

I warrant this Poet never ſat ſilent in his Life,

Whoſe Mouth is fill'd with Fiſt inſtead of Sence,
Or elſe he crams his Hand into his Jaws:

That is to ſay, Either he eats his Fingers, or fills his Mouth with his Fiſt, or crams his Hand into his Jaws. Never were there Fancies more ſublime, or more variety of 'em put together.

At Coffee-Houſe among the Men of Worth,

Obſerve here, Madam, if you pleaſe, a new Argument for Rhime, and that is the Civility and Good-breeding which proceed from it. Had it not been for the Rhyme's ſake, thoſe who were Fops and Fools in the beginning of the Poem, had little reaſon to expect to be adopted Men of Worth in the latter part of it.

He goggles like a Quaker holding forth.

This we both allow'd to be the very beſt Jeſt of all. It is true, indeed, the Clerk (who is a very good natur'd Man, tho' perhaps a little too curious in his Criticiſms) ſaid, He cou'd not find any very great reſemblance between a Man who ſat ſilent, and a Quaker that was holding forth. But I told him, He muſt ſuppoſe it was a

Quaker holding forth at a ſilent Meetting.

Like an Endymion *he can court the Moon,*
And bark at her bright Glories when he's done.

The Clerk told me, He doubted the Author was miſtaken here: For as the Story has been always written, *Endymion* did not make love to the Moon, but the Moon to *Endymion*. And as for the Barking, he aſſur'd me he had it from an ancient *Greek* Manuſcript, whoſe Author was intimately acquainted with *Endymion*; and proteſts, That he never ſaw a Man leſs apt to bark at People in his Life than he was. But if all the little Currs of the Town have always bark'd at the Moon, it is very hard that *Endymion*, who was never known to bark at any body, muſt be ſuppoſed the Author of all that Noiſe.

But

But pray, Madam, inform your ſelf a little better from the Author, of what follows: Was there ever any Mouſe? or was there any Fable wherein there was a Mouſe?

——— *did plead,*
He had deſerv'd t' aſpire to Princeſs Bed?

For if the thing be really true, it was the moſt impudent Mouſe that ever I heard of; and we muſt, both the Clerk and I, agree with the Author, in the juſt reſentment he ſhews for ſo horrible a Preſumption.

But to be a little more ſerious, Madam: Tho' I can allow a Jeſt as far as any body, yet I wou'd not have People imagine I ſhall bear ſuch things as theſe. You may adviſe the Author therefore, for his own ſake, to keep his Name conceal'd. How great ſoever his Quality may be (for if I can gueſs at all at him, he's a Perſon of conſiderable Quality) let him not imagine that

that ſhall protect him from my Revenge. Had the Great *Mogul* written ſuch a Copy of Verſes againſt me (not that I have any particular Pique to the Great *Mogul*) without any reſpect at all to his Quality, I wou'd have printed the Verſes, and put his Name to 'em. However, Madam, in the midſt of my Fury, he ſhall ſee how much more like a Chriſtian I treat him, than he has done me: For tho' he has maliciouſly inſinuated, That Mr. *Dryden* writes for me, and that I am covetous of *M. L. D.*'s Company, yet I muſt do him the juſtice to declare, I do not in the leaſt believe Mr. *Dryden* has any hand in his Works, or that he ever found any great Satisfaction in the Converſation of *M. L. D.* I am, *Madam*, *Your*, &c.

The Clerk preſents his Service to the Author, and has written the Encloſed, which he deſires may be delivered to him.

LET-

Letter XX.

To the moſt Noble Author of that incomparable Poem, on the Author of a Dialogue concerning Women, &c.

Moſt Noble Sir;

YOu cannot imagine with what unexpreſſible ſatisfaction I read over your late Poem. It pleaſes me extreamly to ſee, that notwithſtanding the Endeavours of our Enemies, the Wits, there are ſtill ſome generous Spirits who tread in the Steps of our Predeceſſors, and imitate thoſe hidden Graces that lie undiſcover'd in the Works of Mr. *Thomas Sternhold*, and Mr. *Robert Wiſdom* of Bleſſed Memory. I have ſeen ſeveral modern Lampoons that have gone ſome ſteps towards it; but I may ſay without flattery, I have ſeen no Man who has gone ſo far in

it

it as your ſelf. And whereas moſt of the Pieces now in vogue are dull, flat things, taken from the Ancients; Yours is brisk, ſharp, and all your own: Envy it ſelf cannot ſay you have ſtoln one good thing from any body; and truly I think it will be very difficult for any Man to ſteal one from you. There is a Saying of *Virgil*'s concerning *Homer*, (for I wou'd ſcorn to compare ſuch a Poet as you to any thing leſs than *Homer*) That it was eaſier to take the Club from *Hercules*, than a Verſe from him. What was, perhaps, but a Compliment when ſaid of *Homer*'s Verſes, may, with a great deal of Juſtice, be affirmed of your Jeſts. I do no leſs approve your Generoſity in undertaking the Moon's Cauſe, than your Addreſs in the management of it: I fanſie, if your Modeſty wou'd give you leave to own it, you are deeper in her Favour than ever *Endymion* was:

At

At leaſt all the World muſt own ſhe has a very great influence upon you; and I fanſie your Fit of Poetry comes upon you, when ſhe is at the full. No more at preſent, but that with all due Reſpects to her and the Mouſe preſented, I remain

Yours,

while W. S.

LETTER XXI.

To a Friend.

Written from the Country.

THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your laſt Letter, have quite turn'd my Head. What delicacy of Invention! What ſublimity of Thought! I talk no more of Women, of Gallantry; I think of nothing but Philoſophy

phy and Seraphick Love. Oh Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falſly called Pleaſures! They appear beautiful to the ſight, but once taſted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the ſweetneſs of Philoſophy. O charming Quiet! Oh dear Repoſe! Oh Life truly celeſtial! Mounted upon the lofty tops of Philoſophy, we regard at our eaſe the Vanity, the Folly, the Madneſs of the World: The greateſt Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen; ſo many Men, ſo many Follies.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æthera ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius eſt bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ ſapientum templa ſerena;
Deſpicere, unde queas alios, paſſimq; videre
Errare, atq; vias palantes quærere vitæ.

The

The Soul of Man, according to *Plato*, has two Wings; the one cœleſtial, with which ſhe flies up to the Empyreal Heaven; the other terreſtrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the firſt of theſe that raiſes you to thoſe lofty divine Paths, reach'd by none but the greateſt Wits, the nobleſt Souls; The other brings Men down to the things of this World; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage! Poor Husbands! you have truly obſerv'd how ſoon Beauty flies away; but, alas! Love flies away much ſooner: Uncomplaiſant Companion that he is, who tho' he comes with Beauty, will not ſtay with it. Great Politicians without doubt theſe Husbands! who ſuffer an eternal ſlavery for a thing of ſo little duration. But what ſignifies that to us? Let us leave 'em in peace (if there be any ſuch thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

From London.

IT is ſo long ſince I wrote to you, that I am almoſt aſham'd of doing it now: But, to ſay the truth, I have too juſt an Excuſe for my neglect, being relaps'd into my former malady, and notwithſtanding all the Aſſiſtance of Philoſophy, fallen in love ten times more than ever. I am aſham'd to tell you how long I have been ſo; but I am ten times more aſham'd to tell you, I do not yet find the leaſt decay in my Paſſion, tho' I have reaſon enough to believe the Lady did not care tho' ſhe ſaw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a face upon the matter

ter as we will; but firſt or laſt I ſee Conſtancy comes upon us all. In the humor I am at preſent, I had a good mind to forſwear ever being in love again. And yet upon better thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, thoſe are not worth mentioning) I valu'd the one Miſtreſs after I left loving her; I loved another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the third, after having loſt all hopes of her: So that methinks according to the courſe of my Paſſions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies ſoever you fall, be pleaſed for my ſake to ſpare thoſe of love; being very well ſatisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without raillery, in love with the Beauty

of a Woman whom I have never ſeen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard ſpeak, nor ſeen any thing that ſhe has written; and with the Heroick Vertues of a Woman, without knowing any one Action of her Life, that cou'd make me think ſhe had any. Conſidering how very common theſe Qualities are, I ſuppoſe you will not ask me if I have ever been miſtaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my part, I am of Opinion a Man muſt reſolve to abandon Women or Philoſophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an abſence of five or ſix Months from Town, I find the Ladies ſtill the ſame; that is to ſay, ſtill various. Thoſe who were in love when I went from hence, are in love ſtill; but they are in love with other Men. They are conſtant to Love, but inconſtant to the Lovers: And in this point, to ſpeak the truth among

among Friends, I think there is no great difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's inconſtancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my part being unwilling to diſoblige either, I am very apt to agree with both. But *Cupid* will have it ſo; and what can weak Mortals do againſt ſo potent a God? Adieu; live pleaſantly, that is, philoſophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.

POEMS.

POEMS.

To his Book.

GO, little Book, and to the World impart
The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart:
Thoſe who Love's dear, deluding Pains have known,
May in my fatal Stories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its Torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps advis'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
And, warn'd by my Example, ſhun my Fate.
While with calm Joy, ſafe landed on the Coaſt,
I view the Waves on which I once was toſt.

Love is a medley of Endearments, Jars,
Suſpicions, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;
Then Peace again. Oh! wou'd it not be beſt,
To chaſe the fatal Poiſon from our Breaſt?
But ſince ſo few can live from Paſſion free,
Happy the Man, and only happy he,
Who with ſuch lucky Stars begins his love,
That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.
Ill-grounded Paſſions quickly wear away;
What's built upon Eſteem, can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

The unrewarded Lover.

LEt the dull Merchant curſe his angry Fate,
And from the Winds and Waves his Fortune (wait
Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains, and be
A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee:
Let

Let the rough Souldier fight his Prince's Foes,
And for a Livelihood his Life expoſe:
I wage no War, I plead no Cauſe but Love's,
I fear no Storms, but what *Celinda* moves.
And what grave Cenſor can my Choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair Charmer, here the diff'rence lies:
The Merchant after all his Hazards paſt,
Enjoys the fruit of his long Toils at laſt;
The Soldier high in his King's Favour ſtands,
And after having long obey'd, commands:
The Lawyer to reward his tedious Care,
Roars on the Bench, that babbled at the Barr;
While I take pains to meet a Fate more hard,
And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WIth what ſtrange Raptures wou'd my Soul (be bleſt,
Were but her Book an Emblem of her Breaſt?
As I from that all former Marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chaſe all others from her Heart,
And my own Image in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the Bliſs wou'd prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me.

ELE-

ELEGY.

The Power of Verſe.

To his Miſtreſs.

WHile thoſe bright Eyes ſubdue where-e'er (you will,
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave, or kill;
What Youth ſo bold the Conqueſt to deſign?
What Wealth ſo great to purchaſe Hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that Privilege can claim,
And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
Riches and Titles with your Life muſt end;
Nay, cannot even in Life your Fame defend:
Verſe can give Fame, can fading Beauties ſave,
And, after Death, redeem 'em from the Grave;
Embalm'd in Verſe, through diſtant Times they (come,
Preſerv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.

Poets,

Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eaſtern Throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give Infamy or Fame.
In vain the * *Tyrian* Queen reſigns her Life, [* *Dido.*
For the bright Glory of a ſpotleſs Wife,
If lying Bards may falſe Amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her Name with arbitrary Verſe.
While * one who all the abſence of her Lord, [*Penelope.*
Had her wide Courts with preſſing Lovers ſtor'd;
Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathleſs Rhimes,
Stands a chaſte Pattern to ſucceeding Times.
With pity then the Muſes Friends ſurvey,
Nor think your Favours there are thrown away;
Wiſely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown.
For as the Sun that in the Marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholeſome Weeds;

With

With the ſame Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
To pleaſant Flowers, and uſeful Fruits gives birth.
So Favours caſt on Fools, get only Shame;
On Poets ſhed, produce eternal Fame:
Their gen'rous Breaſts warm with a genial Fire,
And more than all the Muſes can inſpire.

Jealouſie.

I.

WHo cou'd more happy, who more bleſt (cou'd live,
Than they whom kind, whom am'rous Paſſions (move?
What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys cou'd (give,
Than the ſoft Chains, the ſlavery of Love?
Were not the Bliſs too often croſt,
By that unhappy, vile Diſtruſt;

The

That gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dange-
(rous Malady,
That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madneſs Jea-
(louſie.

II.

In vain *Celinda* boaſts ſhe has been true;
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her
(Charms;
Dire Jealouſie does all my Pains renew,
And repreſents her in my Rival's Arms.
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd Advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs; and, oh! methinks I
(ſee
Her give up all thoſe Joys to him, ſhe ſhou'd reſerve
(for me.

III.

Ingrateful fair One, canſt thou hear my Groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe Tears that fill my Eyes?
And yet unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
Into another's Arms reſign my Prize?

If

If Merit cou'd not gain your Love,
My Sufferings might your Pity move:
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous (Frenzies, more
New Pangs, to one whom hopeleſs Love had (plagu'd too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe Nymph, my Fury to out-ſtorm,
I ſcorn your Anger, and deſpiſe your Frown:
Dreſs up your Rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my Heart when Love is flown;
No, tho' you from my Kindneſs fly,
My Vengeance you ſhall ſatisfie;
The Muſe that wou'd have ſung your Praiſe, ſhall (now aloud proclaim
To the malicious, ſpiteful World, your Infamy and (Shame.

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling Show'r!
See how her Eyes are quite diſſolv'd in Tears!

Can

Can ſhe in vain that precious Torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow;
For the ſame Pity ſtop it now:
For every charming, heavenly Drop, that from thoſe (Eyes does part,
Is paid with Streams of Blood, that guſh from my (o'er-flowing Heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my Paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of Penitence appear.
I'll frame Excuſes for your Fault,
Think you ſurpriz'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the fury, in the heighth of that abhorr'd (Embrace,
Believe you thought; believe at leaſt, you wiſh'd me (in the place.

7. Oh,

VII.

Oh let me lie whole Ages in thoſe Arms,
And on that Boſom lull aſleep my Cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh Fears of fanſy'd Harms,
That ſtab my Soul, while they but move thy (Tears.
And think unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill;
For theſe rude Pangs of Jealouſie, are much more (certain ſigns
Of Love, than all the tender Words an amorous (Fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
Oh, ſmile and grant one reconciling Kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe's kind, I'm ecſtaſie all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain the Bliſs.
Thou pleaſing Torture of my Breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my Reſt,

Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my Peace (deſtroy;
That kills me with exceſs of Grief, This with exceſs (of Joy.

Cure of Jealouſie.

WHat Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what fond Lovers feel,
When doating on ſome fair One's Charms,
They think ſhe yields 'em to their Rivals Arms?

As Lions tho' they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp Wounds their Rage enflame,
Lift up their ſtormy Voices, roar,
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the Lover, when his Breaſt
By jealous Frenzie is poſſeſt,
Forſwears the Nymph for whom he burns;
Yet ſtrait to her whom he forſwears, returns.

But

But when the Fair reſolves his Doubt,
The Love comes in, the Fear goes out;
The Cloud of Jealouſie's diſpell'd,
And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd.

With what ſtrange Rapture's is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who wou'd not have the Sickneſs, for the Cure?

SONNET.

Death.

WHat has this Bugbear Death that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain and Sorrow paſt,
After deluding Hope and dire Deſpair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our Love and Hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting thoſe Tyrant-Sins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

'Tis not a fooliſh fear of future Pains,
(Why ſhou'd they fear who keep their Souls from Stains?)
That makes me dread thy Terrors, Death, to ſee:

'Tis not the Loſs of Riches, or of Fame,
Or the vain Toys the Vulgar Pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, *Cælia*, but the loſing thee.

ELEGY.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

CÆlia, your Tricks will now no longer paſs,
And I'm no more the Fool that once I was.
I know my happier Rival does obtain
All the vaſt Bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.
Him, him you love; to me you uſe your Art:
I had your Looks, another had your Heart.
To me y'are ſick, to me of Spies afraid:
He finds your Sickneſs gone, your Spies betray'd.
I ſigh beneath your Window all the Night;
He in your Arms poſſeſſes the Delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe Fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too:
To him my Sighs are told, my Letters ſhown;
And all my Pains are his Diverſion grown.

Yet ſince you cou'd ſuch horrid Treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you choſe out him to do the Fact:
His Vanity does for my Wrongs attone;
And 'tis by that I have your Falſhood known.
What ſhall I do! for treated at this rate,
I muſt not love; and yet I cannot hate.
I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;
Oh, were thy Vertue more, or Beauty leſs!
I'm all Confuſion, and my Soul's on fire,
Torn by contending Reaſon and Deſire:
This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean Wretch! canſt thou contented prove,
With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?
Why did I ſee that Face to charm my Breaſt?
Or having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods!

Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt Commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome Favour of your hands,
Make me that tame, that eaſie Fool again,
And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
And you, falſe Fair! for whom ſo oft I've griev'd,
Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear your ſelf for one who dies for you,
Vow not a word of the whole Charge was true;
But Scandals all, and Forgeries, devis'd
By a vain Wretch, neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the Deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the Cheat.
And thou, bold Man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy Preſumption I cou'd pardon thee;
I cou'd forgive thy lying in her Arms,
I cou'd forgive thy rifling all her Charms;
But, oh! I never can forgive the Tongue,
That boaſts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.

Upon the ſame Occaſion.

WHat Fury does diſturb my Reſt?
What Hell is this within my Breaſt?
Now I abhorr, and now I love;
And each an equal Torment prove.
I ſee *Celinda*'s Cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all Men but me;
I ſee her Falſhood, ſee her Pride,
I ſee ten thouſand Faults beſide;
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her ſtill.
Others on Precipices run,
Which, blind with Love, they cannot ſhun.
I ſee my Danger, ſee my Ruine,
Yet ſeek, yet court my own undoing:
And each new Reaſon I explore
To hate her makes me love her more.

The

The Antidote.

WHen I ſee the bright Nymph who my (Heart does enthral,
When I view her ſoft Eyes, and her languiſhing (Air,
Her Merit ſo great, my own Merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me adore, and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, that ſhe ſquanders on Fools
All thoſe Treaſures of Beauty with which ſhe is (ſtor'd;
My Fancy it damps, my Paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe;
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem.
The Paſſion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
Which my Rival's deſtroy, when I look upon (them.

How

How wiſely does Nature things ſo diff'rent unite!
In ſuch odd Compoſitions our ſafety is found;
As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;
So her Folly makes whole, whom her Beauty does (wound.

Upon a Favour offer'd.

CÆlia, too late you wou'd repent
The off'ring all your ſtore;
Is now but like a Pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the Bliſs too late;
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
When firſt my court I made;

But

But when your Falſhoods plain appear,
My Love no longer ſtay'd.

Your Bounty of thoſe Favours ſhown,
Whoſe Worth you firſt deface;
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Braſs.

Oh, ſince the thing we beg's a Toy,
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
Before our Love is gone?

The Reconcilement.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears!
Be gone, ye Jealouſies and Fears.
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd,
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?

What

What tho' a ſenceleſs Rival ſwore,
She ſaid as much to him before?
What though I ſaw him in her Bed?
I'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the Prudent and the Wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing Lyes:
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
But by this Folly I vaſt Pleaſures gain,
While you with all your Wiſdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE

Between a Lover and his Friend.

(Irregular Verſes.)

Friend.

VAlue thy ſelf, fond Youth, no more
On Favours *Mulus* had before;
He had her firſt, her Virgin Flame;
You like a bold Intruder came
To the cold Relicks of a Feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

Lover.

When he dull Sot had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the Second Courſe,
'Tis Chance that firſt makes People love,
Judgment their riper Fancies move.

Mulus

Mulus you ſay firſt charm'd her Eyes;
Firſt, ſhe lov'd Babies and Dirt-Pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the folly of thoſe Toys, and him.

Friend.

If Wiſdom change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous Wits.
But Wiſdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too,

Lover.

I grant you no Man can forſee his Doom;
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her Change, when ſhe can ſee
A Man deſerves her more than me,
As much as I deſerve her more than he.

Friend.

Did they with our own Eyes ſee our Deſert,
No Woman e'er cou'd from her Lover part.

But

But oh! they ſee not with their own,
All things to them are through falſe Opticks ſhown.
Love at the firſt does all your Charms encreaſe,
When the Tube's turn'd, Hate repreſents 'em leſs.

Lover.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve,
For Dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to one I ceaſe to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, ſaid old *Lyce*, ſenceleſs Lover, go,
And with ſoft Verſes court the Fair; but (know,
With all thy Verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than Fools without one Verſe have had before.

En-

Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew;
And that which moſt enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

The fair Mourner.

IN what ſad Pomp the mournful Charmer lies!
Does ſhe lament the Victim of her Eyes?
Or wou'd ſhe Hearts with ſoft Compaſſion move,
To make 'em take the deeper ſtamp of Love?
What Youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes, dreſt up in Pity's ſhape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious Tears be ſhed,
Pity the Dying fair One, not the Dead;
While you unjuſtly of the Fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs Judges make their moan,
Blame not Death's Cruelty, but ceaſe you own.
While raging Paſſion both out Souls does wound,
A ſoveraign Balm might ſure for both be found;

Wou'd

Wou'd you but wipe your fruitleſs Tears away,
And with a juſt Compaſſion mine ſurvey.

EPIGRAM.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

THou ſaidſt that I alone thy Heart cou'd (move,
And that for me thou wou'dſt abandon *Jove.*
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a Father loves his only Child.
I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
See what thy Falſhood gets; I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem the leſs.

EPIGRAM.

Love and Jealouſie.

HOw much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
Love's like a Torch, which if ſecur'd from Blaſts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer laſts.
Expos'd to ſtorms of Jealouſie and Doubt,
The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

ELEGY.

The Petition.

(In imitation of *Catullus.*)

IS there a pious Pleaſure, that proceeds
From contemplation of our vertuous Deeds?
That all mean, ſordid Actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lyes?

Thy-

Thyrſis, thou haſt ſure Bleſſings laid in ſtore,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt Amour.
What Honour can in Words or Deeds be ſhown,
Which to the Fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe Heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eaſ'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many Vows ſhe broke,
Free my juſt Soul from this unequal Yoke!
My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
Runs through my Veins, and taints my Vital Blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal Paſſion burn at laſt;
The one ſhe cannot practiſe, tho' ſhe wou'd,
And I contemn the other, tho' ſhe ſhou'd.
Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt:
'Tis puniſhment enough to have her Guilt.
I beg but Balſam for my bleeding Breaſt,
Cure for my Wounds, and from my Labours reſt.

ELEGY.

Upon quitting his Miſtreſs.

I Know, *Celinda*, I have born too long,
And, by forgiving, have encreas'd my Wrong:
Yet if there be a Power in Verſe to ſlack
Thy courſe in Vice, or bring fled Vertue back,
I'll undertake the Task; howe'er ſo hard,
A gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
Oh! were thy Vertues equal to thy Charms,
I'd fly from Crowns to live within thoſe Arms:
But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known Falſhoods have deſtroy'd all Truſt?

Farewel, falſe Fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay;
Since we muſt part, why ſhou'd we thus delay?

Your

Your Love alone, was what my Soul cou'd prize;
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe.
Yet ſhou'd I not repent my Follies paſt,
Cou'd you take up, and grow reſerv'd at laſt,
'Twou'd pleaſe me, parted from your fatal Charms,
To ſee you happy in another's Arms.
Whatever Threatnings Fury might extort,
Oh fear not I ſhou'd ever do you hurt:
For tho' my former Paſſion is remov'd,
I wou'd not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! While thus I waſte my time in vain,
Sure there are Maids I might entirely gain:
I'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that's true,
Reſign the Heart ſo hardly freed from you.

To his Miſtreſs.

Againſt Marriage.

YEs, all the World muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My Queen, my Slave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
That were for Publick Good deſign'd;
Cou'd we in fooliſh Pride,
Make the Sun always with us ſtay,
'Twou'd burn our Corn and Graſs away,
To ſtarve the World beſide.

Let

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright
Two Souls which Paſſion does unite;
For while our Love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the Devil ſhou'd we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

EPIGRAM.

Chloe.

CHloe new-marry'd looks on Men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe lookt before.

EPIGRAM.

Cornus.

COrnus proclaims aloud his Wife's a Whore;
Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more?

Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

Thraſo.

Thraſo picks Quarrels when he's drunk at (Night;
When ſober in the Morning, dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe Ills that may enſue,
Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

EPIGRAM.

Gripe and Shifter.

RIch *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning (bend,
T'encreaſe that Wealth he wants the Soul to ſpend.
Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance ſet
To ſpend that Wealth, he wants the Senſe to get.

How

How happy wou'd appear to each his Fate,
Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe*'s Eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em if you can,
And of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

To Cælia, *upon ſome Alterations in her Face.*

AH, *Cælia*! where are now the Charms,
That did ſuch wondrous Paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe Eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble Darts of Love.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
To Womens Int'reſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the Publick ſhare,
The greedy Villain firſt devours.

Who, without Tears, can ſee a Prince,
That Trains of fawning Courtiers had,

Aban-

Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapleſs Fate leſs ſad.

Thou who ſo many Fools haſt known,
And all the Fools would hardly do,
Shou'dſt now confine thy ſelf to one!
And he, alas! a Husband too.

See the ungrateful Slaves how faſt
They from thy ſetting Glories run;
And in what mighty Crowds they haſte,
To worſhip *Flavia*'s riſing Sun!

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,
In vain thoſe Eyes wou'd Love impart;
Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,
Can move one unrelenting Heart.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* ſtill,
By Cruelty, her Cauſe maintains;
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs Smile
To the poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

Well,

Well, *Celia*, let them waſte their Tears,
But ſure they will in time repine,
That thou haſt not a Face like hers,
Or ſhe has not a Heart like thine.

The Retirement.

ALl hail, ye Fields, where conſtant Peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred, ſolitary Groves!
All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
Whoſe Converſation pleaſes, and improves!

Cou'd one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer Rules,
Become ſo mad to ſearch for Joys abroad?
To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the Crowd?

One to ambitious Fancy's made a Prey,
Thinks Happineſs in great Preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his Country to betray,
Curſt by the Fools, and laught at by the Wiſe.

Others

Others whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their Time, to multiply their Gains;
And fanſying Wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the End of Life to get the Means.

Others the Name of Pleaſure does invite,
All their dull Time in ſenſual Joys they live;
And hope to gain that ſolid firm Delight
By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is Humane Fate?
I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleaſures move;
Who view with ſcorn the Trophies of the Great,
Yet muſt my ſelf be made a Slave to Love.

If this dire Paſſion never will be gone,
If Beauty always muſt my Heart enthral;
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a Prey to all!

One who has early known the Pomps of State;
(For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gawdy Bait,
Can boldly ſay, The Trifle I contemn.

In her bleſt Arms contented cou'd I live,
Contented cou'd I die: But, oh! my Mind
I feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impoſſible to find.

In Women how ſhou'd Senſe and Beauty meet?
The wiſeſt Men their Youth in Follies ſpend;
The beſt is he that earlieſt finds the Cheat,
And ſees his Errors while there's time to mend.

Paſto-

Paſtoral Eclogues.

ECLOGUE I.

Daphne.

Sicilian Muſe, my humble Voice inſpire
To ſing of *Daphne*'s Charms and *Damon*'s Fire.
Long had the faithful Swain ſuppreſt his Grief,
And ſince he durſt not hope, ne'er askt relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal Day
That took the Nymph and all his Joys away;
With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare:
Till with deep Sighs, as if his Heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her Hand, theſe tender Things he ſpoke:

Damon.

Ah lovely Nymph! behold your Lover burn,
And view that Paſſion which you'll not return.
As no Nymphs Charms did ever equal thine;
So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.

How

How happy, Fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice my ſelf for thee?
Cou'd I but pleaſe thee with my dying Verſe,
And make thee ſhed one Tear upon my Hearſe?

Daphne.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not pow'r to take:
Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I wou'd, relieve:
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My Heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, Oh blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you till 'twas grown too late.

Damon.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lovers Flame
For Flocks, for Paſtures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the bleſt Poſſeſſion Fate denies;
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe Eyes.
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent's my Flame,
That *Phaon* did he ſee it, cou'd not blame.

Daphne

Daphne.

Such generous Ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will for you.
If on Eſteem, or Pity you can live,
Or Hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Thoſe you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part;
Such noble Thoughts through all your life expreſs,
May make the Value more, the Pity leſs.

Damon.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what ſhivering Pains ſurround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity leſs?
Ah *Daphne*, cou'd I half my Pangs expreſs,
You cou'd not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever cou'd too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one Moment free from pain,
Till I behold thoſe charming Eyes again.
When gay Diverſions do your Thoughts employ,
I wou'd not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you ſome ſpare Moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!

Think

Think with what Heart I ſhall behold the green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming Eyes have ſeen!
Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone,
When You, the Glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my Soul away!
But ſee, my Paſſion that ſmall Aid denies;
Grief ſtops my Tongue, and Tears o'erflow my Eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

Galatea.

THyrſis, the gaieſt one of all the Swains,
Who fed their Flocks upon th' *Arcadian* (Plains;
While Love's mad Paſſion quite devour'd his Heart,
And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
Strives in low Numbers, ſuch as Shepherds uſe,
If not to move her Breaſt, his own amuſe.
You, *Chloris*, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal Pride diſdain,
To hear an humble Hind of his complain.
Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
While the fierce Sun ſets all the World on fire;

Through burning Fields, through rugged Brakes I rove,
And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
How ſmall's the Heat? how eaſie is the Pain
I feel without, to that I feel within?
Yet ſcornful *Galatea* will not hear,
But from my Songs and Pipe ſtill turns her Ear.
Not ſo the ſage *Coriſca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Ægon*'s only Care:
From them my Songs a juſt Compaſſion drew,
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte *Cynthia* ſtays,
And *Pan* himſelf, to liſten to my Lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet Pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my Song.
Yet *Galatea* Scorns whate'er I ſay;
And *Galatea*'s wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Tho' you diſlike the Subject of my Lays,
Yet ſure the Sweetneſs of my Voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull *Mopſus* uſe,
His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuſe.
Yet I cou'd tell you, fair One, if I wou'd,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhou'd)
What

What the wiſe *Lycon* ſaid, when in yon Plain,
He ſaw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond Youth, to chaſe a heedleſs Fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd Verſe to pleaſe her Ear;
Seek out ſome other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
That one who likes his Songs, ſhou'd fly from thine.

Ah, *Lycon!* ah! your Rage falſe Dangers forms;
'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:
Yet, ſcornful Maid, in time you'll find thoſe Toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial Joys;
In vain his Wealth, his Titles gain eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of Him.

Ah, *Galatea*, wou'dſt thou turn thoſe Eyes,
Wou'dſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my Cries:
In ſuch ſoft Notes I wou'd my Pains impart,
As cou'd not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
With ſuch ſweet Songs I wou'd thy Fame make known,
As *Pan* himſelf might not diſdain to own.
Oh cou'dſt thou, fair One, but contented be
To tend the Sheep, and chaſe the Hares with me;
To have thy Praiſes eccho'd through the Groves,
And paſs thy Days with one who truly loves;

Nor let thoſe gaudy Toys thy Heart ſurprize,
Which the Fools envy, and the Sage deſpiſe.

But *Galatea* Scorns my humble Flame,
And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.
Of the beſt Cheeſe my well-ſtor'd Dairy's full,
And my ſoft Sheep produce the fineſt Wool;
The richeſt Wines of *Greece* my Vineyard's yield,
And ſmiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah, fooliſh Youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy ſtore,
Have what thou wilt, if *Mopſus* ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty Pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her Head aſide!
Oh, why wou'd Nature, to our Ruine, place
A Tyger's Heart, with ſuch an Angel's Face?

Ceaſe, Shepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs Moan;
Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes reſound,
See how thy Corn lies wither'd on the Ground!
The hungry Wolves devours thy fatten'd Lambs;
And bleating for the Young, makes lean the Damms.
Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks purſue,
And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

Damon.

(*Taken from the Eighth* Eclogue *of* Virgil.)

ARiſe, O *Phoſphorus!* and bring the Day,
While I in Sighs and Tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering Hopes of *Niſa*'s Love;
And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:
Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
I'll yet invoke 'em with my dying Breath.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Arcadia's famous for its ſpacious Plains,
Its whiſtling Pine-Trees, and its ſhady Groves,
And often hears the Swains lament their Loves.
Great *Pan* upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
Who firſt taught Reeds to warble Rural Notes.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Mopſus weds *Niſa!* Oh, well-ſuited Pair!
When he ſucceeds, what Lover can deſpair?

After

After this Match, let Mares and Griffins breed;
And Hounds with Hares in friendly conſort feed.
Go, *Mopſus*, go; provide the Bridal Cake;
And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take:
In her ſoft Arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt.
Behold, the Evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Oh, *Niſa*, happy in a lovely Choice!
While you with ſcorn neglect my Pipe and Voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble Songs, my Herd,
My ſhaggy Eye-brows, and my rugged Beard;
While through the Plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no Shepherd can deſerve your Love;
Mopſus alone can the nice Virgin win,
With charming Perſon, and with graceful Mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal Plains,
I reach'd you Fruit; your Mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth Spring appear:
Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face;
I gaz'd, and Bluſhes did your Charms encreaſe.
'Tis Love, thought I, that's riſing in her Breaſt;
Alas, your Paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;

Then

Then upon truſt I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Oh, Love! I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy Birth
To Rocks; ſome craggy Mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it Humane Blood that fills thy Veins,
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Relentleſs Love to bold *Medea* ſhow'd,
To ſtain her guilty Hands in Children's Blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked Counſellor, a cruel Mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Now let the Scriech-Owls vie with warbling Swans;
Upon hard Oaks let bluſhing Peaches grow,
And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
The harmleſs Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant Deer, at fearful Grey-hounds run:
Let the Sea riſe, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!

And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows disdain,
Take this last Present from a dying Swain.
Since you dislike whate'er in Life I said,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This Leap shall put an end to all my Pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian *Strains.*

Thus *Damon* sung while on the Cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
All with united Grief the Loss bemoan,
Except the Authress of his Fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting Breast.
Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at last.
How much soe'er you may the Love despise,
'Tis barb'rous to insult on one that dies.

FINIS.